



THE Phillips Andover MIRROR

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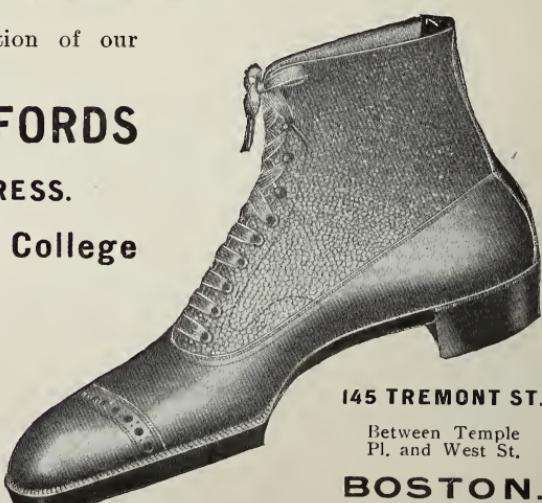
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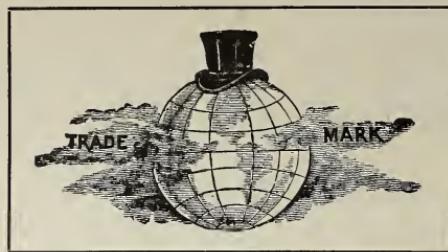
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Alfred E. Stearns,

Principal of Phillips

IN the fall of 1886, Alfred Ernest Stearns entered the Junior class of Phillips Academy, and remained the entire four years an inmate of the family of his uncle, the Principal Dr. Bancroft. Two older brothers had already graduated from Phillips. During these years of Andover life, he entered with his whole energy into the different phases of his academic surroundings. He was foreman of the Phillips fire department, president of the tennis association and champion in the tournaments with Exeter, editor of the *Phillipian*, president of the Philomathean society, captain of the baseball team, member of the K. O. A. and at graduation was voted by his classmates to be the most popular man and best athlete of his class. And through it all he was quiet, studious and modest. From Phillips he went on to Amherst college, and repeated his Andover successes, adding thereto pre-eminence in scholarship and in writing; was chosen orator of the class of 1894, and was awarded by the faculty the Woods prize, given

for general culture and improvement. Teaching at the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., completing a theological course at Andover Seminary, marrying Miss Deane of Springfield, Mass., he is again found at Phillips as its registrar and instructor in history. To those of us who know him best, he possesses the qualities of an enthusiastic leadership along the lines which have made Andover pre-eminent, scholastic, literary, athletic, social, and religious. What a wealth of family tradition he has in Andover, as has been shown in the preceding paragraphs, and how commanding the call to him through the voices of brothers, uncles, grandfather and even more remote.

Is he not but coming to his own and out of the fulness of his knowledge of the inner Phillips life, out of the experience gained in other preparatory schools, out of the unusually helpful friendship with Mr. Sawyer, begun on the opening day of the school life and continued by daily association for four years under the same roof; out of his insight into the religious needs of men and boys and out of a sanctified common sense which earns for him the whole-souled and genuine confidence and following of the Phillips boys will he not maintain the lustre of the Stearns name in Academy annals and approve himself to the pupils, teachers, trustees, and all friends of the Academy.

George T. Eaton, P.A., '73.

Walter Raleigh as a Man of His Times.

First Means Prize

Among the great men that made the reign of Elizabeth the most illustrious in English annals, few had such far-reaching and commanding genius as Sir Walter Raleigh. We do not think of comparing him with Shakespeare or Spenser in poetry, with Bacon in philosophy, or with Lord Burleigh in statesmanship, yet he combined something of all these elements of greatness and stands as a typical representative of that glorious era.

His earlier days were passed in honor and glory, but for many long years before his death he had felt the bitterness of persecution and envy. He first came into prominence in the Irish Wars, where he earned a reputation for dashing bravery. Early admitted to court circles, his manly bearing and handsome appearance, together with his lively wit and skill with the pen, quickly brought him into favor with Elizabeth. That great queen made her court a center for the scholars and poets of the day; she herself was a learned woman, but she loved display and the society of courtly and polished gentlemen. Walter Raleigh, young and gay, was strongly attracted by the splendor and magnificence of court life. But there was another side to his character, his restless nature craved activity. He must win renown, cost what it might. Naturally he turned toward the New World, where the daring exploits of Drake and Hawkins had fanned all England into a blaze of enthusiasm. The fabulous wealth of El Dorado, like a lodestar, drew him to the shores of South America. The golden city of Manoa, which he sought for in vain, eventually caused his ruin. But with all his ambition a feeling of patriotism and devotion bound him to his country and his queen.

Under the wise leadership of Elizabeth came the

dawn of a brighter day for England. The long-crumbing power of Spain, now rotten to the core, was destined to be over-thrown and supplanted by England, as mistress of the seas. And when the long-dreaded Armada approached her shores, England, burning with zeal for country and for religion, arose to a man to drive back the hated invader. Then it was that the queen relied on her young knight and it was largely due to his wisdom in the council chamber and his gallantry in action that the Invincible Armada was shattered, and with it, the power of Spain.

But his services in peaceful colonization were greater, perhaps, than in war. His friend, Edmund Spenser, rightly called him "The Shepherd of the Ocean." It was Raleigh, following in the footsteps of his step-brother, the gifted, yet ill-fated, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who was the first Englishman to plant colonies in the New World. And although he was compelled to give up the attempt with his vision of a new and greater England still unrealized, we owe our gratitude more to Raleigh than to any other man that we today call England our Mother Country.

On the death of Elizabeth his active career came to an untimely end; for he had bitter rivals who were bent on his undoing. He was accused of treason and condemned to the scaffold. His innocence was clearly established, but no eloquence, not even his own, could save him. From that day of trial his name became dear to the English people. He was saved from immediate death, only to be sent to the Tower, there to pass thirteen long years. ¶

Yet his usefulness was far from over; for, while one door of opportunity was closed to him, another was opened. How many great men sentenced to imprisonment have broken their proud hearts with chafing! Not so with Sir Walter Raleigh. Like the Apostle Paul in fetters, he takes up his pen and uses it for

the advantage of his fellowmen. His soul, chastened by trial, was not broken by misfortune but tinged with melancholy. He employed his extensive knowledge in writing a history of the world, which, though unfinished, is still a model of vigorous and pure English. His clear and forcible writings on state policy show a powerful intellect.

At length crafty King James released him once more to search for gold in Guiana. Baffled by treachery and disease he sailed for home empty-handed. On his return from this disastrous and fruitless expedition, he was immediately sent to his death by the exasperated King. Thus miserably perished the most brilliant man of a brilliant age.

Raleigh had faults common to his day; his ambition was boundless, it is said that he bartered his offices for money. On the other hand, he never deserted a friend as did Bacon; he advocated freedom and tolerance in religion—a rare thing in his time. He was a true patriot and the value of his services to England was great. He stands pre-eminent as a writer, statesman, soldier, and gentleman. As long as genius is admired Walter Raleigh will be remembered and honored.

Thaxter Eaton.

A Walk by the Sea.

Second Means Prize

NOTHING I know of is more enjoyable than a walk by the sea, and the best place I have ever found for such pleasure is on the east coast of Florida. A walk on the beach at Newport or Atlantic City is doubtless a pleasure for a swell millionaire or a young lady who has all her gowns made by the most fashionable tailor in Paris. And the rugged cliffs and rocky shores of New England are indeed inspiring. But for pure pleasure, free from care, the coast of Florida offers the most inducement.

It has been several years since I last visited this coast but it is still very fresh and vivid in my memory. The shore near our cottage was a smooth strip of hard sand, stretching along, unbroken for miles and bordered by a few large trees. It appeared, at first glance, to be the most uninteresting place on earth, but on closer inspection I found it to be full of all kinds of riches.

Of the living creatures the crabs were the most noticeable and numerous and some of them afforded me a great deal of amusement. There was the fiddler crab, which moves backwards, or forwards, or sideways, with equal ease and rapidity; the hermit crab, which uses a cast-off shell for its home and carries it around as the snail does his shell; the peculiarly shaped horse-shoe crab and others. Often large jelly-fishes and dangerous, purple, Portuguese men-of-war drifted ashore and dried on the sands. Here and there I found a small sea-horse or a star-fish, washed up by the waves. One of the most interesting little animals was the small soup-clam, with its delicately tinted shell, which every wave brought in. They burrow in the sand with great speed and it requires a good deal of quickness to catch them.

One day, by good luck, I noticed a spot in the sand which looked as if it had been disturbed lately. I determined to investigate and found perhaps fifty round,

white, leathery looking objects—turtle eggs—waiting to be hatched by the warmth of the sun and sand.

The shells, sea-beans and weeds were almost as attractive as the living things. The most beautiful shell I found was a bivalve commonly known as the “sunrise” shell, and the name is surely fitting. Indescribably dainty and yet gorgeous streaks of color radiate from its hinge, just as the sun’s rays do when it first peeps above the horizon. The rarest and therefore most valuable shell was the one immortalized by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his “Chambered Nautilus.” I found one on one of my walks, and prize it above all the rest of my collection.

Strange objects not belonging to the sea were almost as common as those that did. One day I found a small piece of wood, fashioned in the shape of a boat, with which, perhaps, a small son of Portugal had amused himself. Another time I came upon a curious wooden doll, which looked as if it might have graced the tea-party of some little African princess.

And it is not the shore alone that is interesting. The most comfortable thing I know of is to lie down on the beach under the protecting shade of some friendly tree and watch the breakers washing up on the shore as they come in. There is some delightful charm in their untiring and endless motion and in the salty air which they bring in with them. The ships in the distance, which appear to be white dots on the horizon, afford another amusement to a man of leisure. Anyone the least bit fanciful can imagine wonderful stories about their cargoes and the lands to which they are sailing.

It seems to me that we ought all to become more familiar with the wonderful riches which old Ocean has cast up on his shores, and I feel really sorry for anyone who cannot thoroughly enjoy a walk along a solitary beach.

H. C. Gillis.

A Walk by the Sea.

Third Means Prize

THERE is an indefinable mystery about the sea. It has left its mark on all who have come near it. It has touched with its magic hand our seacoast inhabitants, and especially the folk of the fishing villages, and has made them a sturdy, rugged race. The faces and forms of those who live long where the elemental forces of nature are most in evidence gradually acquire an appearance something akin to their environment. A life among the iron surroundings of a fishing hamlet wedged in some cleft of our rock-bound coast, the daily struggle with nature for a livelihood, the constant exposure to wind and sea, the everlasting outlook upon a limitless expanse of waters and a rocky coastline; the mournful clanging of the bell-buoy and the booming of the surf thundering in the ears—such a life breeds a race of men simple, patient and industrious. The back bent and warped from long years of rowing and digging and hauling, the eye half closed from a continual squinting over the surface of the water, the hands gouged with the fish lines, are all eloquent of a hard, bitter struggle for existence.

From these seacoast towns come the men who form the world's navies and its merchant marine. Brought up to regard the sea as their foster mother and the giver of their daily bread, they listen naturally to her leadings and "follow the sea." There is a peculiar fascination about the sea which cannot be found on shore. The sailor who has pounded his half frozen hands against the yard arm off Cape Horn, and cursed the day he first saw salt water, forgets his numbed fingers and aching limbs when the trade winds fan his vessel into warmer latitudes, where week follows week with long sunshiny days and soft moonlight nights.

At home on the sea, poor food and poorer treatment

are accepted as the natural consequence of their lot, and the pleasures they snatch from their grim surroundings are doubly sweet, for they are seasoned with the sweat of honest toil. And these pleasures are no less real because they are fleeting. Indeed, what pleasure can equal a fine day at sea? with the vessel crashing along in a spanking breeze, heeling over to the gusts that rush swooping down, and plunging into the foaming waves that dash against her bow. Here is life and freedom; and the old sailor, as he balances himself on the slanting deck and smells the salt sea breeze and hears the straining and creaking all about him, exclaims exultingly: "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

But he mutters this same phrase with a different meaning when some dark night, with the snow or sleet driving in his face, crusting the decks with ice, and making everything stiff and slippery, he is ordered aloft, in no pleasant terms, to shift a topsail or stow a staysail. As he climbs the ratlines all slippery with ice, and beats the stiff folds of the sail against the mast, he repeats this saying in a way that implies that he had rather be tending the brahma hens at home than Mother Carey's chickens off Cape Hatteras.

We can but admire men who accept with equal grace fortune good and bad, who toil patiently over a hard path, who possess courage and daring, and withal a native love of fun and an abundant share of good humor. Those who can go through hardship and come back smiling, who can look at Death and flinch not, who possess a rude but sterling manliness, true sincerity and unaffected simplicity—such men command our respect and admiration, and such are the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

A. T. Gould.

His Reformation.

"I acknowledge that I never have understood him," said Frank Steele, turning to his companion who sat in a window-seat in one corner of a pleasant room overlooking the Exeter campus. "Though he was my chum in college there was something mysterious about him which baffled all investigation. I have always had a suspicion that he might have been mixed up in some small affair which if known would keep him out of athletics. I don't believe he was a real professional, but it doesn't take much to spoil a fellow's athletic career. Since he came up here to coach your team, 'Cap,' my suspicions have been further aroused and I have several times asked him about his life before he came to college. You remember that he lived in some little Dakota town before I met him. He would never give me a direct answer and I find that I am no nearer the secret than before. I don't believe he has any relatives, or even friends, outside of the men he met at college, as he almost never used to get a letter and he worked his way through college."

At this moment the door was thrown open and a third fellow, whose general appearance especially of his broad shoulders marked him as an athlete, entered. From the way in which he tossed his cap over on the table in the middle of the room and then threw himself into a chair, it was evident that the room was his. Nodding carelessly to the other two fellows, he turned a questioning glance first on one, then on the other.

"We came to find out what you think about our chances against Andover, Ames, now that you have seen their team practice," said the one whom Steele had addressed as "Cap."

"I haven't changed my opinions in the least. Ever since I came here to coach your team I have told you that only hard work would win. There is some of the

best material in the Andover team that I have seen in a long while. The only trouble is that there is no one to put the needed life in the team. They don't work together, but you know from experience that an Andover team is never beaten till the last man is out and if you think that it is different this year you will find out that you are greatly mistaken. A little spirited coaching is all that they need."

"I think you had better go down there and watch them play tomorrow. A game may be a little different from practice with them. I think, however, that you are too much afraid of over-confidence and the rest of the team thinks so too. I, as captain, will stand by you to the last, but the fellows, I am sorry to say, are not quite satisfied."

The next day Ames went down to Andover to see the game. He sat on the bleachers for some time watching the preliminary practice before they began to play. There was a faraway look in his eyes, which would tell a close observer that he was not thinking about the players. He hardly noticed the crowds of fellows who came on the field and took seats all around him, nor did he realize that it was time for the game to begin. Suddenly everyone around him stood up and the next minute followed a good old Andover cheer:

"Clay, Clay, bully for Clay,
Andover, Andover, Rah!
Clay, Clay, bully for Clay,
Andover, Andover, Rah!"

This startled Ames from his reverie. He jumped to his feet, and clutching a fellow who stood near him by the arm he almost yelled, "Where is he?"

The fellow looked curiously at him and then pointed over at the bench where the Andover team were seated.

"He is an old Andover man come back to coach the

team for the next three weeks till after the Exeter game," said the fellow.

Ames looked over there, and seeing the coach he muttered excitedly, "That's he sure enough."

Then he started to hurry down from his seat in the bleachers to go to this man, but suddenly with a groan he checked himself. He had remembered his official position.

"If I spoke to him I would give the whole thing away," he said to himself sorrowfully.

No one noticed the deep drawn breath that sounded strangely like a sigh, but several noticed the look of grim determination which came over his face, concealing his sadness. Happening to look across the field he saw the center fielder running backward to get a long fly, and when at last he caught it Ames did a very strange thing for an Exeter coach. He clapped as loud as any fellow around and even ventured to yell with them.

When he returned to Exeter that night he found his friend and the captain of the team waiting for him at his room. Ames could tell from the expression of the former's face that there was bad news, and he immediately asked what the trouble was. Both of his companions looked at each other as though hesitating to speak on an embarrassing subject, but at last the captain began to answer, carefully picking his words.

"We might just as well tell you and be done with it, but it is rather a disagreeable subject to handle. Ever since you came here you have asked me to release you from the contract if at any time I thought it best that you should no longer coach the team. You know as well as I do that the team and the student body will not give you the support which you deserve and need, so that at last I have decided that I will give you the chance to withdraw. Nevertheless I believe you can

win the game for us if you remain, so I shall not ask you to leave unless you wish to."

For a minute all three were silent; the coach surprised by the turn affairs had taken and the other two waiting for the reply. Steele, seeing the look of surprise on his friend's face, went over to him and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "Come, old man, it isn't as bad as all that."

Then Ames forgot his astonishment and he smiled gladly as he answered, "You are right, it is not *half* as bad as it might be. You won't believe me now when I tell you that just before I got back I decided that if you could get another coach now I would resign. I suppose from this that you have selected one already and he is ready now to take up my work. I leave Exeter tonight," he cried joyfully. "I see you don't understand, but you will before long."

"What has happened?" demanded his friend in astonishment.

"Oh! you'll see it in the papers in the morning," he quoted, laughing meanwhile.

Then the captain turned to him and said, "Well, Ames, I am really sorry you are going to leave us, but I thoroughly believe it is for the best interests of the school. Let me see: How much do we owe you? I think about a hundred and fifty dollars. That is what the contract agrees to."

"Never mind that," replied Ames after a minute's reflection. "I don't feel that it is right for me to take all that under the condition. I will accept nothing more than fifty dollars, which will be enough till I get my position." Then turning to his friend he said, "I am sorry that I have disappointed you, but I have done my best. I will send you my address in a few days, but at present you must not know where I am going. Please send my possessions to the address which I give you."

A fellow who happened to be in the depot when he bought his ticket was surprised to hear him ask for one to Andover, but he only remarked to one of his friends that the coach had gone down to Andover again to "get a line" on their team, and then forgot all about it.

On the way up from the depot at Andover, although it was now dark, he met and recognized Clay. "Hello, old man, don't you know me?" he almost yelled. Clay ran to meet him. "Well, of all persons under the sun, Jack Dayton, I never expected to see you here. Where did you drop from? Where have you been? What are you doing?" and numerous other questions followed. "It is more than six years since I have seen you. That's a nice way to treat your roommate—run off without telling him where you are going and never write to him at all."

"Well, I have a lot of questions to ask you too," answered his companion, "but I will answer yours first. You of course got my note telling about knowing that Exeter had evidence which would keep me out of the Exeter game. I thought that I had better drop out of sight for a time, as I wanted to go to college, and knew that once there I could never keep out of the baseball games. Besides this the doctor told me that I had some disease or other, and that my only hope was to go out on a farm. I chose Dakota, as I had been there several years before, and for two years I stayed there; then I came on East and finished a college course at Colby. No one knew me, so of course as I had changed my name, which by the way is now Ames, I got into all the games. These reasons certainly will not seem sufficient to you, but at the time I thought I had another reason. It will not bear repeating. It was almost childish; but never mind that."

"By the way," said Clay, with his arm over the shoulder of his friend as they walked up Main Street, "What did you say your name is?"

"Ames," answered the other, "but I think I might as well change back again, so call me Dayton."

"What! you don't mean to tell me that you are coaching Exeter."

"I have been coaching, but I have been fired. I have to support myself in some way, and I had a position offered me which would not be vacant for about six months. This little job would fill up the time nicely, and so after a good deal of talking on the part of my college chum who graduated from there, I decided to allow myself to be persuaded into coaching them. Today when I came down here, I saw you and it reminded me of old times. The memories came in such a flood that I couldn't resist them, and took the first train back to Exeter. They told me that they didn't have any more use for me, so here I am. I know what you want to say about Andover spirit, and I am going to try to show you that I have as much as ever. I have come back to coach the team with you, and I shall decline any pay."

* * * * *

When Steele received his friend's address he was more than astonished, but when he read in the papers an article headed

"Andover Defeats Exeter Easily.

Her victory is said to be mostly responsible to good coaching,"

he understood.

Walter Richardson.



Mr. Stearns' election came so late in the month that we were unable to obtain another sketch of his life and the one by Mr. Eaton was so well received that we thought it quite proper to reprint it. We are sorry that owing to lack of space we are unable to reprint the whole article.

Mirage.

BURLINGTON'S REVENGE.

Burlington had not prepared his lesson; furthermore he had taken it upon himself to create a disturbance in the rear of the apartment. Therefore it was not surprising that Burlington was requested to retire.

Burlington was surprised however, and he was angry. This was the ninth time he had been requested to adjourn and there were six weeks more school. The outlook was therefore bad, and Burlington began to consider what his esteemed parent would say, when he returned to the parental mansion earlier than the school catalogue intimated.

Burlington was not a penitent lad. If things went wrong his only method of amelioration was to storm them right again. The more he thought about his late withdrawal, the more unbearable it seemed. There was a certain air of Fate about the Faculty that annoyed him.

Burlington went to his room, and after sulking for half an hour, devised a grand scheme.

He would punish the Prof. At this idea Burlington became a new man; he swelled with importance, and his eagerness to carry out his plan successfully made him forget almost all his troubles. After dinner, and under ghastly oath of secrecy, he divulged his scheme to several of his boon companions. The plan was received with universal acclamation. Seven men were admitted into the conspiracy, and each night a solemn conference was held in Burlington's room. In two days the scheme was ripe.

On Thursday night there was to be a lecture on Prehistoric Man. The Prof was sure to go, and the conspirators would waylay him on his return. All the details were arranged. Stevens, the strong man of the party, was to hold his arms, Muggins his legs, Billings

was to stuff a large red bandana handkerchief into his mouth, Sandy and Collins were to tie him up, Mooney and Keg were scouts, and Burlington was to superintend generally.

When the lecturer at last stopped either run down or exhausted, the audience arose and left. The scanty group soon dispersed through the dark night. For it was unusually dark, and only a faint starlight twinkled down. Therefore the innocence with which the Prof approached the clump of trees at the corner was supreme. The conspirators were ready; in fact they had been standing in the greatest excitement for nearly an hour. Muggins seized his legs and held them in an iron grip; Stevens held his arms like a vice. Swiftly the ropes tightened, and the last vestige of the red bandana faded from view.

They had got him. Grunts of satisfaction passed from man to man. Burlington then led the way across country to a deserted barn. Here the poor unfortunate was first blind-folded and then tied to a post. Then a little preliminary chastisement was administered in the form of kicks, whip-cord, a 10-foot pole, and a bent pin. Then event number one was announced and the party was called to order.

Pails of cold water were distributed about his person, also kerosene, and lastly eggs. Then event number two was announced, but at this point several members of the party evinced a desire to retreat. This idea becoming prevalent, the remainder of the programme was abandoned, and the party retreated,

Once outside, however, the bolder spirit prevailed and it was resolved that this glorious deed should not be left thus. So the party noiselessly crawled into the loft above the barn. Burlington then lit a candle in the barn, and having untied the Prof's legs, joined his companions in the loft. The object of this was to see the Prof's facial expression after all this treatment.

And it proved successful. For the Prof having freed his legs, and then his hands, and having cautiously extricated the red bandana handkerchief, and having removed the cloth which covered his eyes, stood forth in all his glory a "prep."

W. M. Ford.



Book Reviews.

DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, by Irving Bacheller.
Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

In this book Mr. Bacheller easily sustains the reputation which he gained by Eben Holden and D'ri and I as one of the great novel writers of the times. Throughout the book we recognize the characteristic touches of the author, and his style both in the plot and in the phrasing is just the opposite from what we usually expect from a modern novelist. The originality and the delightful way in which Mr. Bacheller tells us the story makes it most entertaining. In Roderick Darrel, the clock tinker, we have one of the most original characters imaginable. With his kindly humor, the mystery which hangs over him and his charity to all the world, he is at the same time one of the most interesting and lovable men that we have ever met in a book. Whenever Darrel appears he is sure to make life interesting with his quaint sayings, but besides this there is an excellent plot. We would be satisfied were Darrel the only interesting character in the book, but Mr. Bacheller, by making the scene of the story in the so-called North Country along the St. Lawrence, finds an opening for other portrait painting, if not all as interesting as Darrel himself, at least much better than one might expect. With such a character as that of the clock tinker to draw one might think that the author would exhaust all his resources, but this is not true. We see the lesser characters drawn with unusual care and understanding, and any one of them would do credit to the name of the author as the hero or heroine of the book.

Editorials.

With less than two weeks remaining we see this school year ending in a blaze of glory. Well may the fellows regard the election of Mr. Stearns to the principalship of Phillips Andover as the greatest good that can possibly happen to the school. That they did look at it in this light is not to be doubted for an instant. What words could have expressed this more forcefully, what actions could have better shown Mr. Stearns that he could count upon the school to support him at any and every time than the way in which the fellows received the announcement of his election? The Trustees showed their confidence in him by electing him to the principalship; but how much deeper must this have been in those who saw that procession of three hundred fellows march up to his house the night after his election? That the alumni feel the same confidence in Mr. Stearns we know, for whoever of them keeps in touch with Old Phillips knows him and we have yet to find anyone who is acquainted with him who does not have the highest admiration for him. Those who know him feel something deeper than admiration for him and as they become better and better acquainted with him this feeling strengthens. With such support from the trustees, the alumni and above all from the fellows of the school itself anyone can foresee the continued prosperity of Phillips. Yes, even more. They can see that the school will maintain its position as the greatest of preparatory schools, while at the same time it grows stronger and stronger each year under the able leadership of our new principal. On behalf of the fellows we thank the trustees for giving us Mr. Stearns as the head of the school and we congratulate him on his appointment, but above all we congratulate the school.

What more can we ask for? The Saturday after Mr. Stearns' election we defeat Exeter on the track and the next Saturday on their own field we win the most glorious victory in baseball which we can imagine. It seems as though with winning football from Exeter last fall and the other two victories there was hardly anything more to ask for, but not satisfied with these our track team went into Cambridge and won the New England Interscholastic Meet by a large margin. It seems as though already Andover had begun to feel the influence of Mr. Stearns' election.



With all this good news we have almost forgotten about our next year's board. All of this year's board except Mr. Gould and Mr. Fuller are expected back next year. Mr. Elliott also will return and take his old position, while Mr. Kittredge will take the place of business manager. With this month's number the *Mirror* closes the forty-ninth year of its existence and we hope that its fiftieth birthday will find it in a better position than ever. This year has been fairly successful but not as much so as we would wish. It is sad but true, we have made many mistakes, but we hope to make next year a very successful one through the experiences of the past year. We owe an apology because of the lateness of the May number. There was some delay in printing which we were unable to prevent. With this month's number we give to all subscribers a picture of Mr. Stearns. As these are too large to distribute in the magazine all will be able to obtain them at the *Mirror* office in the Archaeology Building. A notice of the distribution will be posted in the Phillipian. Separate copies may be obtained at the book store.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73.

'54—Rear Admiral David Smith, U. S. N., died of heart disease at Washington, D. C., May 27, 1903. An account of his distinguished career was given in the May number of the Mirror.

'57—David Porter Stowell, M.D., was born in Townsend, September 22, 1838, and after graduation from Phillips entered Amherst College, studied medicine at the Dartmouth Medical School and received the degree of M.D. in 1862 from the University of New York. During the Civil War he served as assistant surgeon in the 8th New Hampshire regiment and after the war closed, practiced his profession, first in New Hampshire and then in Maine. He settled at Waterville in 1878, where he died February 12, 1903.

'64—Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Dana of Quincy, Ill., has accepted his call to the Phillips Congregational church, Exeter, N. H.

'64—DeForest Richards, governor of Wyoming, died at Cheyenne, April 28, 1903.

'65—William Lawrence McLane died May 15, 1903, at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York City. After graduating from Yale in 1869, he taught one year at Tarrytown, N. Y., studied architecture in Boston, for ten years was connected with E. H. Van Ingen & Co., woolen merchants, and for thirty years has been with Jeremiah Skidmore's Sons of New York. Mr. McLane was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 1, 1846.

'68—John P. Studley was recently re-elected Mayor of New Haven, Conn.

'70—Died in Roxbury, May 20, 1903, Rev. Ellis Mendell, pastor of the Boylston Congregational church, Jamaica Plain. He graduated from Yale College and from the Yale Divinity School.

'71—Edward Putnam Danforth died in San Francisco, December 25, 1902.

'73—Flavel S. Thomas, M.D., LL.D., is resident physician at the Maquan Sanitarium, Hanson, Mass.

'74—A Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions has been prepared by Rev. Harlan P. Beach, who graduated from Phillips and Yale and for two years was a teacher in Phillips Academy.

'79—Joseph R. Parrott has been appointed president of all of Mr. H. M. Flagler's property in St. Augustine, Fla., under the title of the Model Land Co.

'82—Prof. George R. Carpenter of Columbia University, N. Y., is to deliver a course of lectures at Berkeley, Cal., in connection with the University of California.

'89—Otho G. Cartwright has been appointed teacher of history in the Horace Mann Schools, Columbia University, N. Y., for the year 1903-04.

'89—Sidney E. Farwell is with Bond & Goodwin, bankers, 226 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

'91—Rev. Frank W. Hodgdon goes from Orange, N. J., to Plymouth church, Des Moines, Iowa.

'92—Leonard Beaumont Bacon and Miss Eleanor Cowperthwait were married May 14, 1903, at Ridgewood, N. J. Mr. Bacon may be addressed at 152 Gibbs Street, Rochester, N. Y.

'92—Married April 25, 1903, at East Orange, N. J., Miss Josephine Bigelow Kirtland to Russell Colgate.

'92—Harry J. Fisher is vice-president of the Frank A. Munsey Co. at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

'92—Rev. Henry N. Hyde has accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity church, Syracuse, N. Y.

'92—A fellowship in history in the University of Chicago has been awarded to Marcus W. Jernegan for the year 1903-04.

'92—Louis H. Porter has a law office at 140 Nassau Street, New York.

'92—Herbert Gillette Strong and Miss Sarah Beach Hunt were married April 14, 1903, at Winsted, Conn.

'93—Married April 15, 1903, at the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., Lieut. George Ingham Feeter of the 19th Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Katharine Tupper White.

'93—Miss Lena Marston Josselyn was married December 9, 1902, at Manchester, N. H., to Frank Fitts Lamson.

'94—William S. Ray is a partner in the firm of George Copeland & Co., Cotton Exchange Building, New York.

'96—J. Perley Kilgore is associate general agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., and is located at Worcester, Mass.

'96—Frank H. Lindenberg is general manager of the Columbus Brass Co. of Columbus, Ohio.

'96—Lieut. Charles R. Lloyd, Jr., is in the U. S. Artillery Corps service and is stationed at Fort Monroe, Va.

'97—Edwin H. Clark and Miss Katharine Bayley were married in Chicago, May 19, 1903.

'98—Hugh Satterlee is with the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Co. and is located at Salt Lake City, Utah.

'99—Married in Portland, Maine, February 18, 1903, Miss Frances Hinkley to Frank Lees Quinby.

'00—Philip Kendall Jenkins is connected with the car shop of the B. & M. Railroad at Portland, Maine.

'00—Frederick H. Wiggin, Jr., has been elected president of the Yale University Glee Club.

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